FLORE.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France."

[Copyright, 1895, by Stanley J. Weyman.] we divide the reward; that is one of the two conditions SYNOPSIS.

Frosper is third secretary to the bishop of Beaulais, who, at the death of Louis XIV., becomes the rival of Cardinal Magarin for the premiership of France and for the favor of Anne of Austria, the queen regent. By an error in copying Prosper leads the bishop to make an absurd error in stating the population of Paris to the council. Prosper is dismissed with a beating. He is reviled by the bishop's steward, whom he attacks in his rage, and is pursued through the streets of Paris. As he is escaping, he overtakes another fugitive, who looks around in another fugitive, who looks around in fear, and throws a bundle into Prosper's brins. Prosper staggers against a door in a wall, which opens, and his pursuers go by. He discovers that the bundle contains by. He discovers that the bundle contains something alive, perhaps a stolen child. He determines to restore it, and claim a reward, but as he turns the end of the street, he is tripped up by another man who seizes the parcel and runs off. Prosper makes his way to the suburbs, and seeks refuge in a barn. On awakening, he had a pear bits the fruitive who taken him. ands near him the fugitive who tossed him the bundle. The latter is much cast down when he learns that he had given it up peedlessly, but is evidently overjoyed when Prosper tells him that a large man ed it, evidently recognizing a friend Meanwhile Prosper has noticed a small cape in the man's girdle, bearing the royal vn, and at once surmises that the in-king of France was being carried off. He and the stranger return to Paris, and Prosper takes note of a door at which the man lingers for a short time, before they separate. Prosper rushes off to the Palaia Royal, where his young wife's father is head porter. His father-in-law repulses him, and thinks his misfortunes have turned his brain when he recounts his story of the stolen king. Prosper learns that it is the queen regent's pet spaniel, Flore, that has been stolen, and he hears the proclamation of a reward offered by the proclamation of a reward offered by his master, the bishop of Beaulais, for the dog's recovery. He returns to the door which he had marked, and enters an empty house surrounded by a garden. From a window he observes two gentlemen con-versing with the ruffians of the previous hight, and a handsome spaniel with them. One of the men starts for the house and sees Prosper at the window.

PART IV.

prise; then, as the lame man and his comrade sprang to the door in the wall, dog, as it moved in its prison. with the evident intention of engaging me, I flung the shutter close, and, cursing my curiosity, fled down the stnirs.

the window by which I had entered; for all below was dark, and at the foot of the staircase I stood, unable in my back, but stumbled before I had mounted six steps, and as I staggered up agair tucked under my girdle.



PELT THE CLUTCH OF LONG PINGERS

felt a weight fall on my back and the clutch of long fingers close on my throat. I screamed, however, felt the fingers close in a deadly grip, cold and merciless-and then in sheer terror I swooned.

When I recovered my senses I found myself propped in a chair, and for a time sat wondering hazily where I was, In front of me a preat door stood open, admitting a draught of summer air and a flood of cunshine that fell even to my feet. Through the doorway I looked on grass and trees, and heard sparrows twitter, and the chirp of a ericket; and found all so peaceful that my mind went no farther, and it was only after some minutes that I recognized with a sharp return of terror that shook me to the soul that I was still in the hall of the empty house, That brought back other things, and with a shudder I carried my hand to my throat and tried to rise. A hand put me back and a dry voice said in my ear: "Be easy, M. Prosper. I am afraid that we put you to some in- he had a cloak would replace the one

I looked dizzily at the speaker and recin the garden. He had the air of a secretary or-as he stood rubbing his thin and looking down at me with a saturnine smile-of a physician. I read in his eyes something cold and not too the dog was. human, yet it went no farther. His manner was suave and his voice, when

Yes. Then I have to congratulate rou. Few men, M. Prosper, few men, believe me, were ever so lucky. You were lately, I think, in the service of president of her majesty's council?"

I fancied that a faint note of irony urked in his words. I kept silent. "And yesterday were diemissed." be continued, easily, disregarding my stonishment. "Well to-day you shall

be reinstated-and rewarded. Your ousiness here, I believe, was to recover her majesty's dog?" I remembered that the wretch whose finger marks were still on my throat

might be within hearing, and I tried o utter a denial. He waved it aside politely. "Just so." he said. "Well, the dog is in that

Amazed before, I stared at him nov ines stupor of astonishment.

"You are surprised?" he said. "Yet the case is of the simplest. We stole the case is of the simplest. We stole the dog, and therefore we cannot restore it without incurring suspicion. You, on the other hand, who are known to the bishop, and did not steaf it, may safely restore it. I need not say that

"And the other?" I stammered. "That you refresh your memory as te the past," he answered, lightly. "If came in sight. The approach to the I have the tale rightly you saw a man gate was blocked by a great crowd of convey a dog to this house, an empty house in a lonely suburb. You watched, and saw the man leave, and followed with my uffair-and I shrank back, him; he took the alarm, fled, and But the steward with a thrust of his dropped in his flight the dog's coat-I knee against my hip, which showed think I ace it there. On that you hur- me that he had not forgiven my blow, ried with the coat to monseigneur, and urged me forward, and from what gave him the address of the house, passed round me as we pushed through

"And the dog!" I exclaimed.

find the dog for himself," he answered. presented to the queen. smiling. "In the closet."

my limbs. "But if he comes, and does by the curious who thronged the arnot find it?" I cried.

"He will find it," he said, coolly. And Flanders road. The officers who bore slightly raising his voice, he called the trophies we overtook on the stairs "Flore!" For answer the dog near the door of the ante-chamber. whined behind the door, and scratched Durning with rage, as I was, and strung the panels and whined again.

The stranger nodded, as well pleased, remember that I thought it an odd "There," he said. "You have it? It is time to push in with a dog; but monthere and will be there. And I think seigneur did not seem to see this. that is all. Only keep two things in Whether he took a certain pleasure in mind, my friend. For the first, a per- belittling the war party, to whom he con will claim our share of the reward was opposed, or merely knew his ground at the proper time; for the second, I well, he went on, thrusting the milihis would be careful not to tell monseig- taires aside with little ceremony; and neur, the president of the council"- as everyone was as quick to give place again I caught a faint note of irony- to him as he was to advance, in a mo-"the true story, lest a worse thing hap- ment we were in the ante-chamber. And the stranger with a very I had never been admitted before, ugly smile touched his throat. "I will not!" I said, shuddering.

"Then-then, I think that is all," he answered briskly. "And I may say time overcame my sense of injustice, "Flore!" It went to him. forewell. Until we meet again adieu, M. Prosper!" And setting on his hat with a polite gesture, he torned his back to me, went out into the sunlight, Apparently he gave the alarm, for in passed to the left, and vanished. I an instant the eyes of all four were on heard the garden door closs with a me. I hung a moment in sheer sur- grash, and then, silence - silence, broken only by the faint whine of the

Was I alone? I waited awhile before I dared to move; and even when I found courage to rise, stood listening I had done better had I gone back to with a heating heart, expecting a foot-I knew not what-would rush on me from the closed doors of this myeterious house. But the silence endured; panie to remember the position of the the sparrows outside twittered, the door. A key grating in the lock told me cricket renewed its chirp, and at length that, but told it me too late. Almost drawing courage from the sunlight. I on the instant the door flew open, a moved forward and lifted the dog's flood of light entered, a cry warned me coat from the floor. Five minutes later that I was detected. I turned to go I was in the streets on my way to the bishop's hotel, the morsel of velvet

I have since thought that I did not fully appreciate the marvel that had happened to me. But by this time I was light-headed. I went my way as a man moves in a dream, and even when I came to the door of the hotel, suffered none of those qualms which must have shaken me had I been sensible. I did not even question how I should reach monseigneur, which proves that we the room and ranked the company on often delude ourselves with vain fears, either side-not without some strugad climb obstacles where none exist. For as it happened, he was descending from his coach when I entered the vard, and though he raised his goldheaded staff at sight of me, and in a fury bade the servants oust me, I had the passion if not the wit to wave the velvet coat in his face, and cry my errand before them all.

Heaven knows at that there was such a sudden pause and about-face as must have made the stolen dog laugh had it been there. Monseigneur in high excitement bade them bring me in to him, the secretary whispered in my ear that



I CHIED MY ERRAND BEFORE THEM ALL.

I had lost, a valet told me that my wife ognized him for one of those I had seen brought me food and nudged me to remember him, others ran and fetched all that reached me, where I stood by sistent, downwards, would know where ling!" and the like. A few old men who

my secret, and would tell my story and the officers standing with the colors he spoke again, as well calculated to only to the pishop. He heard it; in ten by the door wore fallen faces; but nineminutes he was in his coach on his tenths of the crowd seemed to be fairly "You are better now?" he said. Way to the house, taking me with min.
Then I have to convertable. His presence and the food they had and congratulated one another as if way to the house, taking me with him. carried away by the queen's delight given me had sobered me somewhat: and I trembled as we went along jest the villains had some disappointment monseigneur the bishop of Beauvais, yet in store for me, lest the closet be bresident of her majesty's council?" found empty. But a whine, growing into a howl, greeted us on the threshold, and the closet door being forced in a

trice, the dog was amongst us. Monseigneur clapped his hands and swore freely. "Dieu benisse!" he cried. "It is the dog sure enough! Here, Flore! Flore!" Then, as the dog jumped on us and licked his hand, he turned to me. "Lucky for you, ras- me-though now he wore his cardinal's it is, I am greatly indebted to his emical!" he cried, in good humor. "There robes and then had been very simply shall be fifty crowns in your pocket, dressed-that it was he whose back I and your desk again!"

I gasped. "But the reward, mon-seigneur?" I stammered.

He bent his black brows. "Reward! sloset; and on two conditions it as at You villain!" he thundered. "Is it not You villain!" he thundered. "Is it not enough that I spare you the gallows? Reward? For what do I pay you wages, do you think, except to do my work? And you ask reward besides? Go and my patron's party and were not quick

swer them, well! He shall still have the fifty crowns I promised him. If not-I shall know how to deal with

hopes, I fell into my old rage again, and even his servants locked oddly at him, until a sharp word recalled them to their duty; on which they hustled me off with little ceremony, and the less for that which they had before showed me. While the bishop, carrying the dog in his arms, mounted his coach and went by the Rue St. Martin and St. Antoine, they hurried me by short cuts and byways to the Palais Royal, which we reached as his running footmen people, and for a moment I was fond enough to Imagine that they had to do the press, I gathered that a score of captured colors had arrived within the "No. Let monseigneur come and hour from Flanders, and were being

The courtyard confirmed this, for in. I felt the blood tingle through all the open part of it, and much pressed on, cades, we found a troop of horse, The stranger shrugged his shoulders plumed and mud-stained, fresh from the to the last pitch of excitement, I yet

and from the doorway, within which I paused in Bonnivet's keeping, I viewed the scene with an interest that for the The long room hummed with talk; a sprinkling of the lesser nobility, many the word of command, I think?" lawyers and some soldiers filled it from end to end. In one corner were a group of tradesmen, bearing plate for the queen's inspection; in another stood a knot of suitors with petitions; while everywhere men whose eager faces and expectant eyes were their best petitions, watched the farther door with quivering lips and sighs whenever it opened, and emitted merely a councilor or a marquis. Several times a masked lady fitted through the crowd, with a bow here and the honor of her without, mingling with the stir of talk within, seemed to fill up the light and

color of the room. Monseigneur, with his chaplain and pages at his shoulder, making in his stately way for the farther door, met M. de Chateauneuf, and paused to speak. When he escaped from him a dozen clients, whose obsequious bows rendered evasion impossible, still delayed him; and I had grown cold, and hot again, and he was still on his progress when the inner door opened, haif a dozen voices cried: "The queen!" and an usher with a silver wand passed down gling, and once a fierce oath, an twice a smothered outcry.

Of the bevy of ladies in attendance, only half a dozen entered, for a few paces within the doorway the queen stood still to receive my patron, who advanced to meet her. It seemed to me that she was not pleased to see him, and certainly her voice rang loud and peevishly as she cried: "What, my lord! Are you here? I came to receive the trophies from Rocroy, and did not expect to see you at this hour."

"I bring my own excuse, madame," he answered, unabashed, "Have I your majesty's leave to present it?" he continued, with a smirk and a low bow. "I came to receive the colors," she retorted, still frowning.

"I bring your majesty something equally to your liking," he replied.

Then I think she caught his meaning, for her proud, hendsome Hapsburg face wonderfully and she clapped sionately. her hands together with a gesture of pleasure almost childish. she exclaimed. "Have you-"

"Yes, madame," he said, smiling gallantly. "Bonnivet!"

But Bonnivet had watched his moof his master's lips was beside him, and at her majesty's feet. She uttered a foul contrivance." ery of joy and stooped to caress it, her fair ringlets falling and hiding her op said. face. On that I did not see exactly what happened, for her ladies flocked the courtiers pressed round them, and But I had even then the sense to keep from the queen raised their eyebrows

> ten Rocroys had been won. Suddenly, while I hung in suspens expecting each moment to be called forward, I heard a little stir at my elow, and, looking to the side, saw the not on the threshold break inward to

lace, while several voices whispered: "Mazarin!" As I'looked be more sinned against than sinning; or ame in, and pausing to speak to the a greater fool and your adviser a knave; foremost of the officers gave me the opportunity-which I had never enoyed before-of viewing him near at hand; and in a moment it flashed upon think I see a difference now. But, as had seen, and whose dazzling ring had

blinded me in the garden! The thought had scarcely grown to

derstand-what passed.

Her majesty, it seemed to me. did not look unkindly upon him. But the bishop was so full of his success and uplifted by the presence of his friends that he could not contain himself. At that, and the reversal of all my "Ha! the cardinal!" he cried; and, before the queen could speak: "I hope your eminence has been as zealous in her majesty's service as I have been."

"As zealous, assuredly," the cardinal answered, meekly. "As effective? Alas! it is not given to all to vie with your lordship in affairs."

But this-though I detected no smarlt of irony in the tone-did not seem to please the queen. "The bishop has done the a great service. He has recovered dog," she said tartly.

"He is a happy mun, and the happy must look to be envied," the cardinal answered gaily. "Your majesty's

Your eminence never liked Flore!

the queen exclaimed. "You never made a greater mistake, madame!" the cardinal answered with unusual emphasis. "Flore-but the dog is not here, I think."

"Your omniscience is for once at a loss!" the bishop sneered; and at a word from him one of the ladies came forward, nursing the dog in her arms, The cardinal looked. "Umph:" he

said. And he looked again, frowning. I did not know then why the queen took heed even of his looks; and I started when she cried pettishly: "Well, sir, what now?"

The cardinal pursed up his lips. The bishop could bear it no longer. "He will say presently," he cried, snorting with indignation, "that it is not the

His eminence shrugged his shoulders very slightly, and turned the paims of hands outwards. "Oh," he said, "if her majesty is satisfied."

"M'dieul" the queen cried angrity: "What do you mean?" But she turned to the lady who held the dog, and took it from her. "It is the dog!" she said. "Do you think that I do not know my own? Flore! Flore!" And she set the dog on its feet. It turned to her and wagged its tail eagerly.

"Poor Flore!" said the cardinat. "Certainly its name is Flore," he con-

your eminence was right in one thing it to his eminence."

The cardinal bowed. continued with a sneer. And he glanced round the circle. There was queen's elbow laughed out, "Flore," said the queen, "die! are,

good dog. Do you hear, m'dieu! die!" taper fingers there. The windows were and wagged its tail; and though she quiry; so grim and secretive was my open, and the murmur of the throng gried to it again and angrily, it made no

attempt to obey. On which a deepdrawn breath ran round the circle; one looked at another; a score of heads



"THAT MAN FOUND IT," HE EXCLAIMED. were thrust forward, and some who had seemed merry enough the moment be-

fore looked grave as mutes now. "It used to bark for France, and growl for Spain?" the cardinal continued in his softest voice. "Perhaps-" "France!" the queen cried harshly; and she stamped on the floor. "France! France!

But the dog only retreated, cowering and dismayed; and at a distance wagg ed its tail pitifully. "France!" cried the queen desper-

ately. The dog cowered. "I am afraid, my lord, that it has 'ost its accomplishments-in your conpany!" the cardinal said, a faint smile

curling his lips, The bishop let drop a smothered bath. "It is the dog!" he cried pas-

But the queen turned to him sharply, er face crimson. "I do not agree with you!" she replied. "And more, my ord," she continued with vehemence: 'I should be glad if you would explain how you came into possession of this ment, and before the name fell clear log. A dog so nearly resembling my log-and yet not my dog-could not be with bent knee laid the dog tenderly 'ound in a moment nor without some

"It has forgotten its tricks," the bish-

"Nonsense!" the queen retorted. A great many faces had grown grave round her with cries that echoed hers, by this time. I have said that the room was filled for the most part with bishop's supporters. "At any rate. I me shoes and a cap; and all-all from the door, took the form of excited know nothing about it. That man the head clerk, who was most in- cries of "Flore! Flore! Oh, the dar- found it!" he exclaimed, wiping his brow and pointing to me, between stood nearest the wall and farthest anger and discomfiture he stammered. "One of my lord's servants," the car-

dinal said, easily. "Oh!" the queen answered, with a world of meaning; and she looked at me with eyes before which I quailed. "Is that true, fellow?" she said. "Are you in my lord's service?"

I stammered an affirmative. "Then I wish to hear no more," she replied, haughtily, "No, my lord. Enough!" she continued, raising her voice to drown his protestations; "I do not care to know whether you were pray take your creature away. Doubtless, in a very short time I should have discovered the cheat for myself. I

nence for his aid-and sagacity." She brought out the last words with withering emphasis, and amid profound silence. The bishop, too wise after the event to persist longer in the dog's identity, still tried desperately to otter a word of excuse; but the queen, whose vanity had received a serious wound, cut him short with a curt and freezing dismissal, and immediately turning to the cardinal requested him to introduce to her the officers who had the One True Blood Purifier. to introduce to her the officers who had

the colors in charge.

wit to infer that the bishop, if defeated, would wreak his vengeance on me, Already a dozen who had attended his levee were fawning on the cardinal; the queen had turned her shoulder to bim; a great lady, over whom he bent A Simple Experiment Which Illustrates to hide his chagrin, talked to him indeed, but flippantly, and with eyes half Everybody is familiar with that little closed. For all these slights, and the trick of filling a paper bag with air from more real defeat which they indicated, the mouth and then making it explode I foresaw that I should pay; and, in a panie, I slid back and strove to steal

away through the crowd. I reached the door in safety, and even the head of the stairs. But there a hand gripped my shoulder, and the steward thrust his face, white with rage, into mine, "Not so fest, Master



A HAND GRIPPED SHOULDER.

Plotter!" he hissed in my ear. your hide does not pay for this—if you are not lashed like a dog, until life is out of your body! If for this I do

The Collett Boy not-"

"By the queen's command," said a quiet voice in my other ear; and a band fell also on that shoulder.

The steward glanced at his rival. "He is the bishop's man!" he cried, throwing out his chest; and he gripped me again.

"And the bishop is the queen's!" was the curt reply; and the stranger, in whom I recognized the man who had delivered the dog to me, quietly put him by. "Her majesty has committed crowd of churchmen and pages, with a tinued, sulkily. "But it used to die, at this person to the cardinal's custody until inquiry be made into the truth of "What it did, it will do!" M. de Benu- his story. In the meantime, if you have

> After that there was no more to be said. The steward, baffled and burst-"That I should be envied!" the bishop ing with rage, fell back, and the stranger, directing me by a gesture to ata general titter; a great lady at the crossing the courtyard, entered St. Antoine. I knew not now what to expect from him; nor whether, overjoyed as I was at such a deliverance, I might But the dog only gazed into her face not be courting a worse fate in this inguide's face, and so much did that somber dress-which gave him somewhat of the character of an inquisitor -add to the mystery of his silence. However, when we had crossed St. Antoine and entered a lane leading to the river, he halted and turned to me.

"There are twenty crowns," he said. abruptly; and he placed a purse in my hand. "Take them and do exactly as I bid you, and all will be well. At the Quai de Notre Dame you will find a mar- from tip to tip. He would undoubtedly ket boat starting for Rouen. Go by it, and at the Ecce Homo in that city you will find your wife and a hundred crowns. Live there quietly and in a month apply for work at the Chancery; it will be given you. The rest lies with you. I have known men." he continued. with a puzzling smile, "who started at a desk in that Chancery and lived to rent one of the great farms."

I tried to find words to thank him.

"There is no need," ne said. "For what you have done it is not too much." And now I agree with him. Nowthough his words came true to the letter, and to-day I hold one of the great farms on a second term-1, too, think that it was not too much. For if M. de Conde won Recroy for his party in the field, the cardinal on that day won a victory no less eminent at court; of which the check administered to M. de Beauvais-who had nothing but a good presence, and collapsed like a pricked bladder, becoming within a month the most discredited of menwas the first movement. Within a month the heads of the Importansas the bishop's party were christenedwere in prison or exiled, and all France recognized that it was in a master's hand, and that the mantle of Richelieu with a double portion of the royal fa vor, had fallen on Mazarin's shoulders. I need scarcely add that, long before, he had been happy enough to recover and restore the true Flore to his Mistress' arms.

Hichael Bakunin, Anarchist. Bakunin was born in 1814, of an aristocratic family, and entered the Russian army. He left it at the age of 21 and took up his residence at Moscow, where he dehauer and formed one of a circle of young men, among whom were Katkoff, who be came famous as 'the editor of the Moscow Gazette, and Herzen, who was afterward a prominent nihilist. Bakunin was a ctless individual, who was never at peace himself, nor would be let others enjoy it. He was a stormy petrel of politics, delighted in nothing so much as in plots and revolutions. In 1846 he visited Paris, where he imbibed something of the teachings of Proudhon and Goorge Sand. He was first distinguished at an active Panslavist, and of course took a part in the revolutions of 1848. For the share he took in that at Dresden he was given up to the Russian authorities, who & at him to Siberia, whence he succeeded in making his escape. It was not until 1865 that he turned his attention to social questions. In that year was founded the International Association of Workingmen, of which Carl Marx was the dominating It was in connection with this asspirit. sociation that the two men came into conflict. They agreed that society needed to be entirely reconstituted, but while the socialism of Marx involved more restric-

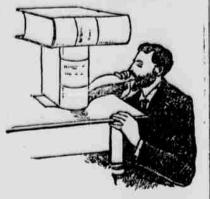
tions on liberty than ever the anarchism of Bakunin meant liberty running into license. Bakunin thereupon founded the International Alliance of Democratic Socialism, which became subsequently known as the Federation of the Jura. His rivalry with Marx was excessively bit-er, and the triumph of his ideas at the proved the destruction of that institution. He died in 1876, leaving behind him sevaral works, the best known of which is "Dieu et l'Etat."—Gentleman's Magazine.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. It may be smagned how I fest, and what terrors I experienced during this struggle; since it required no great wind colto and is the best remedy for distribution. It southes the child, struggle; since it required no great wind colto and is the best remedy for distribution. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

POWER IN THE BREATH.

the Force of the Lungs.



with a report like that of a pistol, but very few people know how great a force may

be exerted in this way.

Here is an experiment that any one may make, and the result is so surprising to those that have never attempted it that it

is well worth attention. Get a long, narrow bag of strong paper and lay it flat on the edge of the table, to clerk for him. with the mouth toward you. Then lay weights upon the bag, gradually increasing, and blow into it, and you will be actually as Tank fairly recognized, and in all probability not at all responsible for weights upon the bag, gradually increasing, and blow into it, and you will be aslift. After a little practice-and the practice will help to expand your lungs and "If chest-you may easily upset two big books

The Collett Boy's Adventure.

Going to school in the far northwest is attended sometimes with the possibility of gray dawn appeared, and, hopeless of rest, are adventures. In the valley of the North he arose and went out on the river with river, in Chehalis county, Wash., not only his "jugging" outfit. bears, but cougars, are very common. A Paddling to a favorite bend where the little son of Presley Collett, 7 years old, who lives about a mile from the village of

little Collett boy, for at the postoffice did not seem to be hungry, for in a long Roden Wade's dog came up to him. The dog knew him, and the little Collett boy patted him on the head, and the result was that the dog followed the boy on his

way home.
As the little fellow was trudging along nibbling at his trousers. He looked around and crouching behind him.

It was a cougar and a very large one at The child uttered a fearful shrick, tend him, descended the stairs and, jumped ahead, as if he had been shot, and first. Leaning too far over the edge of his crossing the courtyard, entered St. An-ran down the road as fast as a small legs light skiff to catch the lines holding the could carry him.

tacked the cougar ferociously. He was a small dog and not for a moment a match gle was quickly torn to pieces. But his attack detained the cougar long enough to enable the flying boy to get a considerable distance down the road.

17 years old. William ran into his house and got a gun and came back after the cougar. Any Chehalis county boy of 17 is a good shot, and Valentine, as soon as he caught sight of the cougar tearing and cating the dog, aimed a shot at the ani-mal, which ended its life.

have made a meal of the Collett boy if the dog had not offered himself for that purpose. - Youth's Companion

A Funny Dentist.

Gracie had a loose tooth. That tooth must come out!" said her

"Oh, no!" cried Gracie. "It'll hurt!" "Because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it." went on mamms, "and I want it to come straight and even. Let mamma pull this

one for you, dear. "Oh, no!" cried the little girl again, and she put her hand tight over her mouth

and ran out to play in the yard. Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate He always had something in his pocket for Gracie. This time it was a big sweet apple. "But you must ask your mamma if you can eat it," said he Mamma said "Yes." and the little one

sat down by the window to eat her apple. It was a very sweet apple, and Gracie enjoyed it very much. All at once she gave a little cry.
"Why—why—here's a bone in my apple,

mamma, sure's you live! "Oh, I guess not," said mamma. guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Gracie. "It's just as white and hard, mamma." A twinkle came into mamma's that. "Let me see it," said she. "Go and

look in your mouth, dear," she said. "Oh, mamma," cried Gracie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was! Why-ee, did the apple pull it, mamma? But mamma only laughed. -Our Little



Sissy Thompson, show these great big boys that you can read writing just as well as they, even if you are so

Sissy (slowly)-This-is-a-warm doughnut. Tread-on-it!-Life.

The ease with which a coin can be made to move by a current of air is greater than most people suppose. If you lay a penny on a polished table and, holding a book

the table, the penny will jump and dance

empty, dear.

Jimmy — How full of empty is it?-

Mother-But .the candy box is 'most

d to keep the air in, blow smartly on

Youth's Companion. The Ideal Panacen

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physicians' prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keckuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery."

Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial Bottles Free at Churchill & St. Johns', successors to Geo. L. La Fountain & Co.

TANK'S LUCK.

[Copyright, 1805.]

Tank Peert was one of the best jug fishers on the Missouri, and no invidious suggestion respecting his habits is covered by that statement. Tank was simply a famillar abbreviation of his baptismal name, Tancred, and catfish are caught in western waters by "jugging." He lived some 20 waters by "jugging." He lived some 20 miles above Alton, on the Missouri side of the river, and used to send down, by the river boats, to that city and St. Louis his catch of fish, doing quite a good business in the senson.

That fact is perhaps of little interest to anybody but himself, however, and is only incidentally mentioned as the basis of circumstance out of which grew a very sin-gular illustration of the queer ways Dame Fortune sometimes takes to befriend a man when she is in a good humor.

Tank deserved credit for going out "jug-

ging" one particular morning three or four years after the war, for he went through a sense of duty-to get some catfish he had promised to send down to an Alton hotel-when he didn't feel a bit like doing that or anything else but sleep. He had been "sitting up" very late the night before with Almira Lightfoot, doing his best to win her reluctant consent to be coming Mrs. Tank Peert.

A month before he thought he had her safe enough, but the storekeeper at the crossroads had not then brought down his wife's brother, Bob Mather, from Chicago,

Bob was a dressy, good looking, spright-Almira's wayward fancy, but the fact existed, all the same, that since his advent she had grown cold to her former lover. The question that worried Tank and kept him from sleeping when he got home that night was whether it would be altogether just or quite politic to "lam the life out'n Bob." He had not yet determined it when

newspaper of that section relates that the current was sluggish, he set affoat a dozen gallon jugs, empty and tightly corked, to the handle of each of which was attached Artic, went to the postoffice on his way home from school.

Artic, went to the postoffice on his way home from school. This was a fortunate proceeding for the the stream he floated with them. The fish time no jug bobbed. The sun was hot, and

Tank dropped into a doze.
Suddenly he awoke to find four of the jugs performing violent anties, darting aimlessly to and fro, or making frantic "What it did, it will do!" M. de Beaurais cried scornfully. "But I see that any complaint to make, you can make your eminence was right in one thing it to his eminence."

As the little fellow was trudging along efforts, seemingly, to get beneath the surthe lonely road, with the dog a trifle in face. One sailed off down stream, like a
racer, a second went skittering away toward the Illinois shore and the others apand saw a great, savage animal following peared to be struggling to effect a mutual smash. The fish down below were not only hungry now, but active. Naturally Tank addressed himself to the two fighting jugs fish and being only half awake physically Meantime the dog came back and at- as yet, he overbalanced and plunged headforemost deep down in the river.

When he arose to the surface, the skiff for the cougar, and spite of a noble strug- was some yards away in the swifter current of the channel and going much too fast for him to overtake, since he was not a particularly good swimmer. Giving it up with a broadly comprehensive anath-Here he came across William Valentine, ma upon things in general, he turned to swim ashore and was dismayed at seeing how far out he had drifted.

He struggled bravely, but soon his breath came hard and panting, his water scaked clothing was dragging him down, and he realized that he was in great danger of drowning. He tried floating on his back, but was overweighted by his clothes and boots. Then he lost his head and began splashing excitedly and ineffectively, seeing nothing and already taking in great gulps of water. A few seconds more of those proceedings would have finished him, but just then something hard hit him a rude joit on the shoulder. By an instinctive effort he threw his arm over it, found himself supported and began to regain his

senses. For several minutes he did not venture to do anything more than hold on and breathe. Then he put a little more effort into the arm grasping the object support-ing him, drew himself up facing it and looked to see what had saved him. sight of it so shocked him that he came near letting go again and sinking. It was a coffin!

For the moment Tank's mind was rot quite clear as to whether he was really floating alongside a coffin or was already drowned and inside the grewsome Luckily for him, his muscles held on though his brain let go and in a few moments more he grew able to think. Then he understood the situation and realized that it was not so extraordinary after all.

The Missouri river amuses itself by con-

stantly cating away its banks on one side

and depositing them on the other, so shift-ing its channel that old pilots declare the

only safe rule for navigating it is to "go one season where you couldn't go the season before." In this process of crosion it often carries away graveyards, the coffins from which generally sink before floating But this one, Tank noticed, rode high, as if it were sound, water tight and ightly laden. Somehow an impression gained upon him that it was untenanted. He managed to climb aboard, and with a leg dangling on each side steered it to a low sand bar, where by good luck his skiff had already stranded. Having his boat, he felt himself master of the situation, and with fully regained confidence and the aid f a hatchet that he carried in the skiff to kill catfish proceeded to investigate bis mysterious raft. its joints filled with tar, its screw heads sunk and puttied, its outside coated heavily with thick paint. Prudent men have had themselves buried in asbestus coffins, but such precautions against damage by water

seemed extraordinary. With excited hope —though he did not know what he hoped or-Tank wielded his hatchet. He found, carefully wrapped in paper nd securely packed, two armfuls of solid silverware and a bag containing over \$1,-000 in gold coin! Neither upon the silver, nor the paper, nor anywhere else, was there any mark of ownership. Doubtless the treasure had been buried somewhere up the river by some one hopeful of secret

ing it from the hazard of war years before Tank found no difficulty in disposing of the silverware in St. Louis for a sum he never precisely stated, though more, as he admitted, than the amount of coin he had ound-enough at all events to establish him in popular recognition as a very solid citizen. And Almira Lightfoot, contemplating him from that point of view, read-ily perceived that she had, all the time, thought much more of him than of Bob Mather and was quite willing to bee

An Empress Clock.

The empress of Russia has a carriage clock of tortoise shell, mounted in gold. having the handle encrusted with dia monds, and above the dial the imperial crown in brilliants, with the initial "A' below it, also worked in brilliants. This clock was given to the Princess Alix upon her marriage by English ladies residing in St. Petersburg.

The Scrub Brush.

Fasten a piece of tape or string to the end of your scrubbing brush, so that when finished with, it can be hung up and al-lowed to drain instead of the water scak-ing into the back and loosening the bristles and making them soft. For the same reason, do not leave the brush in the pail